

Rh

HOMPSON &

SCOTCH
AND
CANADIAN

Rhymes and Songs,

BY
A. WANLESS.



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The Flight o' the Wife.

The following Poem is founded on a tradition current enough in the Lammermoor Hills in Scotland. I have heard two different versions of the story, "that it was not the guidwife that flew but it was the guidman that flew." I have decided in favor of the guidwife, on this evidence, "that the guidman could barely lift a'e fit after another, let alane fleeing poor body"; on the other hand the guidwife was represented to be "a yald, wiery, determined sort of a woman, fit enough to attempt anything, either reasonable or unreasonable":—

A wifie liv'd, just at her hame,
An unco queer wanchancie dame,
Had strange-spun notions in her candel
'Bout fleeing in Elijah's mantle ;
Both young and auld she would attack
And spier what they kent o' its mak'.
At last she got the riddel redd,
Whilk made the wifie wonderous glad ;
To wark she set to make its marrow,
Meanwhile I on gae wi' my story.
Ae night she watch'd the starry race,
(Their courses brawly she could trace,)
She stood, she glowr'd, till her guidman
Did reason, syne did on her ban—
At last his anger was sae fed,

Perforce he drove her into bed !
 When in the bed she rav'd and ranted,
 Like ane that had gane clean demented ;
 For still the thought ran in her mind,
 That she would flee upon the wind—
 That she would scale the clouds o' heaven,
 And see how a' the folks were livin' !
 Gin the Moon had aye her man o' wark,
 Gin he be healthy, stout and stark,
 And yerking aye wi' clock-wark licks,
 'Mang roots o' trees and dauds o' sticks ;
 Or gin he sometimes taks a nod,
 As some do in the house o' God.
 What kind o' beds were in the fashion,
 The tent, or folding kitchen cushion ;
 Or gin they no use beds ava,
 But dose in downie glen or shaw—
 Aside some glassy, rippling fountain,
 Or by some grassy flower-clad mountain ;
 What kind o' dress the bodies wear,
 Gin claith wi' them be cheap or dear,
 The styles o' bonnets, shawls and cloaks,
 Gin they wear cotton or silk frocks ;
 What kinds o' drink, what kinds o' meat
 The queer outlandish bodies eat.
 A' this and more, meant to unravel,
 While on investigating travel.
 The sun by this began to skelly,
 Brought in a morning mild and mellow,
 When up the wifie sprang to steer

Upon her lang plan'd mad career ;
 She sets her fleeing graith to rights,
 Consisting of twa miller's wechts,
 On shoulder blades she tied them steeve,
 The sirrie strata clouds to cleave—
 Three bladders frae string apron swung,
 Elijah's mantle on she flung,
 For travel, she was travel stockit,
 Had bread and cheese stow'd in her pocket ;
 For a drap brose at night to mak,
 A wallet's bouk swung frae her back,
 Her spleuchan, and her cutty pipe,
 Wi' tinder-box to strike a light,
 A bottle o' the real Glendronach,
 To ease the cramps about her stomach,
 (A crystal glass she thought o' takin',
 A second thought, it might be breakin'—
 Sae plac'd it back in the kist shotel,
 Wi' mind made up to bock the bottle.)
 A' things set right wi' heart fu' crouse,
 She sleely slypet out the house.
 The auld guidman was unco eerie,
 To ken what had beset his dearie ;
 Wi' specks on nose out he did keek,
 Syne after her awa did breek.
 He roar'd her back, but fast she ran,
 Fast followed by her leal guidman.
 The folks she met were fley'd and feared,
 For sic a sight there near appeared.
 To wile her back he loud did yell,

But faith she's ta'en the Shealing hill ;
 He saw her on the tapmost tower,
 Set right her wechts awa to scour,
 He saw her flaffer ! saw her flee !
 He saw her hank upon a tree !
 The mantle fastened 'mang the branches,
 The bladders ravel'd round her hanches,
 To soar she tried ance and again,
 But a' her trying was in vain.
 The guidman then lay down to pray,
 He didna ken weel what to say,
 To ease her fa', awa he sped,
 Aneath the tree he laid her bed,
 It wasna weel spread out, till sweep,
 Fell bag and baggage in a heap !
 He bit his tongue wi' very wrath,
 (He ne'er was kent to swear an aith,)
 He flung awa her cheese and bread,
 He crack'd the bladders owre her head,
 The mantle he did rend in shreds,
 The wechts he tore frae shoulder blades,
 The bottle, spleuchan, wallet, pipe,
 He made play birr wi' a' his might,
 He rais'd her up, he gat a wattle,
 Upon her back he down came rattle.
 She roar'd aloud wi' down-right pain,
 " I'll never try to flee again " !
 Wi' this the quarrel was cemented,
 Syne hame they gaed both mair contented.
 Now a' ye folks whate'er ye be,

Tak tent and ne'er attempt to flee;
 Let wisdom be your chiefest guide,
 Let reason o'er your ways preside,
 Be cautious, ne'er o'ershoot the mark,
 But grope your way as in the dark,
 Or else ye'll get, I'll lay a groat
 As great a fall's the Wife got.

Sumner's set beyond the clark
 The Banks o' the Dye.

mountain, had come and was fading
 The sun had sunk down 'neath yon dark frowning
 And day's crimson pillow had faded away,
~~And~~ *the* song of the blackbird was wooing the wood-
 lands— *west*

To breathe their calm dirge o'er the vanishing day.
 The moon had climb'd up in the distant horizon,
 And the twinkling stars gleam'd bright from the sky,
~~And~~ the zephyrs of heaven play'd balmy around me—
 As I roam'd on the banks of the clear winding Dye.

wander'd alone on the banks of the Dye
 The hazel was bending adown in the streamlet,—
 Its tassels wav'd meek in the moon's silvery beam,
 And the cliffs of the rocks hung silent and dreary,
 As if wafted to sleep by the lull of the stream.

than sweet spring view
 Glide on in thy course, thou diadem of beauty!
 Yet how dreary thy murmur now falls on mine ear; *was some*
 Though thy banks are wreath'd o'er with the laurels of
 freedom, *gowns and roses*

Yet no longer the glow of enchantment they wear.

6 Love's Sweet

How bright thou re-paintest the dreams of my boyhood,
 Each wave of thy stream speaks of *one* that is gone;
 Each sigh of the winds, as they ripple thy bosom,
 Brings a tear for the joys that for ever are flown.
 No more can these joys again gladden my bosom—
 No more can I listen to nature's sweet song,
 For my heart no more throbs with a thrill of emotion
 Since thou, my sweet Mary, for ever art gone!

Weary I wander forsaken and lone

The Poor o' the Parish.

The Poor o' the Parish are mickle to mane—

In a *but* or a *ben* they dwell by their lane;
 Their friends are but few and but little they care,
 How the auld bodies fend or the auld bodies fare.
 The back-end o' life e'en has mickle to dree,

The youthfu' ne'er dream what auld age has to see,
 The world's high hopes in their bosoms they cherish,
 They ne'er hae a thocht being Poor o' the Parish.

The Poor o' the Parish are laden wi' care,

Their eldin's but scant and their cleedin's but bare;
 Yet they grudge na the rich wha in luxury shine,
 But blest wi' contentment—they never repine.
 There's auld Eppie, poor bodie, she works at her stockin,
 On the gate o' the grave wi' eild she is rockin',
 But she reads on *the Buik*, its a' that can nourish,
 The hearts o' the weary the Poor o' the Parish.

She gangs to the Kirk cleedit barely enouch,
 But her heart is weel clad wi' the robes o' the truth;
 Aft down owre her cheek the silent tears fa',
 As she hearkins o' him wha dee'd for us a'.
 Her bairnies that's livin' are awa like the frem'd,
 The guidman o' her bosom death lang syne has claim'd;
 But their's ane ever near never backward to cherish,
 The blighted laigh lot o' the Poor o' the Parish.
 She langs for to dwell in those mansions above,
 Where the poor are made rich through a Saviour's
 love,
 Where nae sorrow can enter nae grief can oppress,
 Where a' is ae day o' unchangeable bliss.
 Aye! their's ane high abune wha kens a' our ken
 What wi' gie wi' our hearts its to him that wi' len';
 Ye grit be nae scrimp 'twill gie life a relish;
 To be couthie and kind to the Poor o' the Parish.

The Stream o' Watch.

How clearly rins the stream o' Watch,
 'Mang monie a brae and broomy dell;
 Its bonnie banks nae stream can match,
 By it I lo'ed sweet Jeanie Bell.
 O Jeanie I did lo'e thee weel,
 There's no a heart could lo'e thee mair;
 How aft unken'd a kiss I'd steal;
 Thou wert mine a', mine only care.

How aft a' to they col' I'd steal

But now I gang a' wae and lane,
 My Jeanie's frae me ta'en awa' ;
 I'll never see my love again,
 My heart has now nae joy ava.

O Watch! how clearly rins thy stream,
 'Mang monie a brae and broomy dell!
 By thee I dreamed life's fondest dream,
 I woo'd, to tine, sweet Jeanie Bell.

The Pride o' my Life.

Lanely I stray'd on the banks of the Don,
 Mourning o'er joys that forever are flown,
 No hope in my bosom, no kind smile to cheer;
 Since the pride o' my life lies cauld in her bier!

I thought on the days, o' the days no lang gane,
 When I dream'd nae of sorrow, of hardship or pain,
 Wi' contentment and hope, when naething look'd drear—
 Now the pride o' my life lies cauld in her bier!

Pure was her heart, free frae warld's guile,
 Kind was her words, and sweet was her smile;
 Dispairing I mourn, nae comfort is near,
 Since the pride o' my life lies cauld in her bier!

The winter may languish, the spring may return,
 The birds may sing cheerfu' on ilka green thorn,
 Nae pleasure to me, though the sun shineth clear,
 Since the pride o' my life lies cauld in her bier!

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When the wearysome day steals awa into night,
 The moon and the stars may shine bonnie and bright,
 The howl of the tempest to me is mair dear,
 Since the pride o' my life lies cauld in her bier!

O welcome the day, thrice welcome the hour,
 When nae longer I'll wander forsaken and poor—
 The cauld hand of death I never will fear,
 Since the pride o' my life lies cauld in her bier!

Lammermoor.

Lammermoor! land of the glen and the mountain!
 Land where the thistle waves proud o'er the plain!
 Land of the streamlet ~~the lake~~ and the fountain!
 I weary to hie to thy mountains again!

'Mang thy heathery braes the lark sings sae cheerie,
 Ilka dell rings wi' nature's sweet sang,
 The mavis and blackbird never grow weary,
 A singing sae blithesome the summer-day lang.

Aft hae I wander'd adown by the plantin'
 That leads to the haugh where ripples the Dye,
 Aft hae I listen'd the wee birdies chantin',
 As if ilka ane wad in melody vie.

There the hazel, the slae, and the red cheekit rowan,
 O'ershadows the primrose adown in the dell,
 Sweet on the haugh grows the cowslip and gowan,
 And Scotia's ain flower the bonnie blue-bell!

'Twas there by the Dye wi' Jeanie I parted,
 As the sun stole awa 'yont the distant Mayshiel;
 Cheerless the future amaisht broken-hearted,
 I sighed and I said "sweet Jeanie farewell."

Now I am far frae these scenes sae endearin—
 Far frae my hame and the joy of my heart:
 Ae thought alane my bosom is cheerin'—
 The thought to return ah! never to part.

A Stout Heart to a Stey Brae.

When a man has got acres and goupens o' gear,
 The routh o' poor folks he may pu' by the ear;
 But fortune may wheel, may gang clean tapsalteerie,
 Which nae dou't gars a bodie be nettled and eerie:
 He'll hammer and yammer, he'll grunt and he'll grane,
 A' thinking on days o' prosperity gane—
 Just tak an advice, keep in mind the auld say, man,
 "Aye put a stout heart unto a stey brae, man."

Wi' sorrow and hardship ilk ane has their share—
 The road through this world's macadam'd wi' care,
 Ane may hae twa three bairns, the torment o' his life,
 Another may hae his breeks wore by a wife;
 There's some may want gear, there's some may want
 crowdie,

While another at midnight maun rin for the howdie—
 Just tak an advice, keep in mind the auld say, man,
 "Aye put a stout heart unto a stey brae, man."

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I hae seen mysel' when dumbfounder'd wi' grief,
 A wee drap o' drink wad hae brought some relief,
 But conscience wad wisner: "keep awa frae the grog,
 The diel's in the giass, he lurks there *in-cog*"—
 Sae I'd brace up my nerves wi' a cup o' guid tea,
 And e'en let the grog and the devil a-be—
 Just ta'en the advice kept in mind the auld say, man,
 "Aye put a stout heart unto a stey brae, man."

The Courtship.

There was an auld widow that liv'd in the glen,
 The auld bodie somehow had nae luck wi' her men,
 She was downcast wi' sorrow, for the last o' the four
 Was only a month in the grave happit owre.
 Her house was her ain, a donsie bit biggin'
 That neither lack'd wa's, a lum, or the riggin',
 The inside betokened a lang residerter,
 'Bout the age o' her chattles I'll no mak a venture,
 (Least some auld antiquarian may get up a clatter,
 Makin' out, that I ken nought at a' 'bout the matter.)
 She'd an auld stockin' fit where she banked her siller,
 Six acres o' land her grannie left till her,
 A garden forby, that grew cabbage and kail,
 And potatoes that never were kent for to fail—
 She'd a cow, and a pig, for cats she had twa,
 She had hens—'bout the cocks we'll say nothing awa,
 A stack o' guid peats, and a stack o' guid hay—
 Show'd the wifie was just in a weel doin' way.

Ae night at the gloamin, there cam an auld carl,
 That had seen sixty years o' the ways o' the warl'.
 On his hat a black crape, that hung down owre his back,
 His garments were made o' the new-fashioned mak';
 He rapt at her door—a rap gentle and slee,
 When out comes the widow wi' a tear in her e'e—
 "Guid e'enin'" quo she, wi' a bow and a beck,
 Wi' a'e hand at her e'e, and a'e hand on the sneck,
 "Guid e'enin'" quo he, as a tear he did wipe,
 "Will ye gie an auld bodie a light o' his pipe"?
 Just come awa ben, crook ye're haugh on the bunk,
 And it winna be lang or I get ye a spunk.
 The twasome sat down, they crack'd 'bout the weather,
 It wasna e'en lang they got couthie thegether—
 She ogled his crape, and he ogled her cappie,
 Wi' a sigh quo the wifie "will ye tak a drappie."
 She set down the bottle—he took a bit tastie,
 What next! faith his hand's round the auld widow's wastie.
 "Gae awa wi ye man! ye are making owre free,
 Gae awa wi' ye gouk! let an auld body be."
 She spak o' her men, that were a' dead and gane,
 Wi' another quo she, "I'll ne'er venture again—
 To some they're a blessing to me just a bother,"
 Wi' this faith her head gently fell on his shouther!
 The auld carl was wrapt in a transport sae fou—
 Afore ever she dre'mt he has kist her bit mou!
 O love! tender love! what tongue can declare
 The pleasures that dawn'd on this loving pair?
 'Tween sighing and crying, the auld widow did strive,
 'Twas nae lang or the carl was her No. 5!

PREFACE.

"Go forth my little book," I have trained, watched and corrected thy uprearing with anxious care and solicitude, and now when thou art about to creep from underneath a father's eye, and make thy obeisance to my kith and kin, I sincerely trust thou wilt receive a routh of helping hands to guide thy tottering steps. Some of these "Rhymes and Songs" have appeared in different publications, both in Scotland and Canada. They have not received that high French polish that some might desire or look for—they bear more resemblance to an Irish stew or a Scotch haggis than any thing earthly I can confidently compare them to.

No one can admire his mother tongue more than the Author. I would gladly see it a universal language; however, this is more for the cogitations of lingo-wisacres who may bother their brains about the universality of one capacious tongue, down to the edge of time and never be able even to have a telescopic view of either the beginning or end of it.

Should the reader receive as much pleasure in the perusal of these odds and ends as I have had in their composition, he will be inclined to dance like a hen on a hedge girdle, while his heart will flutter and bounce like a spittle aff a tailor's goose.

Dedication.

TO MY FATHER.

Honoured Sir,—

To you

I dedicate this book ;
No worthier patron could I find
Though for an age I'd look.

Though days and years have flitted past,
And far from thee I roam,
Nor time nor space can e'er efface
The thoughts of happy home.

My thoughts by day, my dreams by night ;
While tears bedim mine eye,
My memory steals to youthful joys
Beside the winding Dye.

The winding Dye, the stream o' Watch,
Killpallet's bickering pride,
How oft methinks I still with thee
May wander by their side.

We yet may climb the Dirrington,
Where feeds the fleecy flock,
The water clear we still may drink
That gushes from the rock.

These rhymes to you I dedicate,
Among those scenes begun ;
In duty I subscribe myself
Affectionately your son.

A. W.

The Trysting Tree.

When gloamin' comes wi' star-gilt wings,
 And swains rejoice frae labour free,
 The heart louns light wi' tender hope—
 When thinking on the Trysting Tree.

My love is sweet as April morn,
 A sparkling lustre fills her ee;
 O wha could paint her modest look
 When first she kent the Trysting Tree.

The Mavis lo'es the fragrant thorn,
 The Lammie lo'es the dewy lea,
 But nane can tell life's chiefest bliss
 That never kent the Trysting Tree.

The moon when gliding frae a cloud,
 Looks happy when her chains are free,
 But O! a cloud comes o'er the heart,
 When we maun leave the Trysting Tree.

'Tis then the heart is fu' o' wae,
 The tear o' truth bedims the e'e,
 As aft we say the word "farewell"
 Aneath the lanely Trysting Tree.

Wha can forget the happy hours?
 I'll mind them till the day I dee—
 The sweetest hours o' a' my life
 Were spent aneath the Trysting Tree.

The Musk-a-too, i. e. The Mosquito.

“What’s this I hear about ye Jock,
 Is’t true ye’re gaun awa?
 I hear ye’re gaun to sail the sea
 For Upper Can-a-da.”
 Come into Rab’s, we’ll hae a crack,
 We’ll hae a gill or twa,
 And let me ken the reason how
 Ye’re bent for Can-a-da?

They sat them down aside the fire,
 And they began to crack;
 Quo’ Will: “sae soon as ye are there,
 Ye’ll wish that ye were back;
 I hae heard tell o’ a big beast,
 As big’s an Ayrshire coo,
 It has a stang as lang’s my leg,
 And they ca’t the musk-a-too.”

Quo’ Jock: “in letters that’s been sent
 To me frae Uncle Tam,
 Nae mention’s made o’ sic a brute,
 I’m sure ye maun be wrang;
 I hae made up my mind to sail,
 Though I should dearly rue,”
 Will nods his head and winks his ee,
 “Jock! beware o’ the musk-a-too.”

“I’ve gat a book wi’ twa big maps,
 That’s wrote by Mr. Hogan,

He tells how they hack down the trees,
 What fun they hae at loggin',
 What craps they raise frae aff the ground
 And how the oxen plough,"
 "But Jock does he say aught about
 The muckle musk-a-too?"

"He speaks about a great big thing,
 The like o't ne'er was seen,
 Can rive tree roots frae out the ground,
 It's ca'd a stump machine.
 He speaks about the mighty trees,
 The like there never grew,"
 "But Jock, what says he 'bout the nests
 O the muckle musk-a-too?"

"He speaks about the apple tree,
 Sic craps the orchards grow,
 He hints the like that you and I
 No kens the way to dow;"
 "Now Jock gane ye do want to live,
 Just tak a cautious view,
 Stop where ye are, ne'er be a mark
 For the muckle musk-a-too!"

"He speaks about the bonnie horse,
 How folks in winter sleigh,
 How they can travel ower the snaw
 A hunder' miles a day,
 And yet for a' the supple beasts
 A cart can toughly poo,"

"Ah Jock, tak tent, aye keep in mind
The muckle musk-a-too!"

"I see," quo Will, "ye're bound to gang—
Daft gouks maun gang their gate;
But sure am I, sae soon's ye're there,
Ye'll meet a dreadfu' fate.
They'll watch ye as ye gang ashore—
They'll sting ye black and blue;
Its an unco death in a foreign land
To be killed by a musk-a-too."

"But tent ye Will, I hae a gun
That never mist its mark,
I'll load her weel, wi' bullets three;
I'll at the brutes play yerker;
And when they see I bring ane down,
The rest they will play boo,
I'll learn the folks in Canada
How to kill the musk-a-too."

The Toronto Lassies.

Ye may wander far and wide,
Ye may visit monie places,
But ye'll never find the land
Can match the braw Toronto lasses!
O they are fair, divinely fair,
The seal o' beauty stamps their faces—
Where is the heart that couldna lo'e
The bonnie braw Toronto lasses?

Amang them a' there's ane I lo'e,
 I canna name her countless graces,
 She's fairer than the fairest fair
 O a' the braw Toronto lasses!
 But maun I pine, for ever pine,
 She winna hearken my addresses;
 I'll e'en gae woo some other flower,
 Amang the braw Toronto lasses.

Mary.

I'm far awa' frae thee **Mary**, *lassie*
 I'm far awa' frae thee,
 Yet ne'er let fa' another tear
 Ye're dear as dear can be **Mary**! *lassie*

Yestreen a bird was liltin' ower,
 Its sang upon a tree **Mary**; *lassie*
 It brought to mind yon bonnie sang *lassie*
 Ye sang ae e'en to me **Mary**.
 I'm far awa', &c.

I listened to its warbling notes,
 Till dreams cam ower my mind **Mary**, *lassie*
 I thought I saw the Queen o' love
 Thy brows wi' garlands bind **Mary**.
 I'm far awa', &c.

I thought my heart would break wi' joy,
 Ye look'd sae sweet and fair Mary,
 But soon ye glided frae my sight
 And filled me wi' despair Mary!

I'm far awa, &c.

The day will daw', when we will meet,
 Our love will never dee Mary—
 There's ae kind hand will guide the bark,
 Across the deep, deep sea Mary!

I'm far awa, &c.

Sweet William.

'Twas the dark hour o' midnight,
 The rude winds did blaw,
 A' nature was clad
 In a white wreath o' snaw,
 When we sat a watchin'
 Wi' monie a mane,
 Our bonnie sweet William
 A gaun awa hame.

My heart was a breakin
 Wi' sorrow and wae,
 His mother and me
 Did kneel down and pray,

O there's naeboddy kens
 What grief ower us came
 As we watch'd our sweet William
 A gaun awa hame.

His e'en ance sac glistnin'
 And blithsome wi' glee,
 Now look'd pensive and wan
 On his mother and me,
He held out his hand
And he call'd us by name,
"Dear father and mother
I'm gaun awa hame."

Watty Drone.

A barber liv'd in days bygone,
 Kent by the name o' Watty Drone;
 He was as queer a shaver loon
 As ever stept in leather shoon;
 He had a nose maist touch'd his chin,
 His mouth had no ae tooth within,
 He had twa een, upon inspection,
 They ne'er look'd in the same direction.
 In his young days he'd got a rack
 Which rais'd a hump upon his back;
 His in-knack knees when he did shift,

Aye smote the other on the lift;
 A wig he wore upon a pate
 That ony Judge might emulate!
 Wi' a' his faults yet troth was he
 As happy as a man could be.
 He had a wife and ae wee laddie,
 The very image o' his daddie.
 Gin ye did want to get a shave,
 He'd look at you supremely grave,
 'Tween ilka scrape his feet wad prance
 When paid, he'd round about ye dance.
 Some folks that kent auld Watty weel,
 Nae kind o' terror they wad feel;
 But folks that werena weel acquainted
 He'd turn whole crazed or half demented—
 The neighbours said if Watty Drone,
 Was drown'd, or kill'd as dead's a stone,
 The madhouse might wi' sma' expense,
 Be turn'd into a kirk or manse.
 'Mang a' his capers yet wad he
 Ne'er look upon the barley bree.
 His son at length, his only heir,
 Show'd signs of sickness and despair;
 Upon his bed they did him lay,
 His parents watch'd him night and day,
 Twa days and nights they did watch ower him
 Till death at last did fair o'erpower him!
 When dead, auld Watty claw'd his scalp,
 Quo he, "this is a sad mishap,
 I'll bid fareweel to warld's care,

I'll neither clip or shave nae mair,"
 Sae smash'd his rasors and his hone,
 Thus did the luckless Watty Drone.
 He'd gang about frae house to ha',
 His tongue might clip a clout in twa,
 At ony place was held a splore
 He was the first to join the core—
 The folks at first did kick and clout him,
 At last they couldna do without him.
 His wife watch'd a' wi' mournfu' mane,
 Aye fleetch'd him to his wark again;
 He warn'd her just to stop her prattle
 Or he'd encounter her in battle,
 And if she fell in mortal strife
 He soon wad get another wife.
 On ae fair night when twa or three
 Had set themselves to hae a spree,
 Nae thing wad serve, when half-seas gone,
 But they wad send for Watty Drone.
 Ane o' the goucks was soon elected,
 To say his presence was expected.
 The night afore he'd had a broost,
 This night he'd early gane to roost,
 He hears a rap, he loud does roar,
 "Wha's that a reelin' at my door?"
 The chield soon tauld him what was wanted,
 Auld Watty frae his bed soon canted;
 It wasna lang e'er he sat crouse,
 Within the Black-bull public house,
 Wi' drink they did the bodie ply,

They rais'd his spirits mountain high,
 He jok'd, he crack'd, he sang, he spouted,
 He danc'd, he sprang, he roar'd, and shouted.
 Ah! little does a body think,
 When sense is drown'd wi' waughts o' drink,
 What they maun suffer; how the brain,
 Reels round as if 'twad rend in twain.
 Wat changed his tune: he'd try a tussle,
 Wi' ony that wad fecht or wrestle—
 Amang them a' nae ane wad say
 That he wad venture on the fray;
 Ae chield spoke ~~out~~, that held the cash,
 "A fechtin' Watty we'll no fash,
 But if ye'll rin around the table,
 A hundred times as fast's ye're able,
 Aye roarin' out wi' a your might,
 "Here Watty rins baith day and night,"
 And for ye're pains ye'll get a pound,
 When ye hae gain'd the hindmost round!
 It was nae lang, as fast as able,
 He rins and yells around the table—
 To gain the cash he was fu' sure,
 When ane o' them slips out the door,
 Wha rins and tells auld Watty's wife,
 To haste and save her Watty's life!
 She hurries up unto the door,
 She hears within his eldritch roar!
 She sees him spinning round the table
 Ten times mair fast than he was able!
 "O Wat!" she cries, "ye're mad outright,"

Watt

"Here Watty rins baith day and night!"
 She stood, she cried till she was hoarse,
 Which ne'er stopp'd Watty in his course—
 Ae time when he cam round about,
 She gae ae wild unearthly shout,
 Her hands around his throat she clasped,
 His e'en turn'd up, he stood, he gasped—
 "Here Watty rins," he tried to roar,
 As down he tumbled on the floor!
 His teeth wi' very rage he ground,
 He cries, "ye jade, I've lost the pound!"

The Wife that I would hae.

I wadna hae nae high bred dame,
 To be a wife to me,
 Though deckt in a' the gaudy gloss,
 That rank and riches gie.

I wadna gie a plack for her,
 Though she was e'er sae fair,
 Her scrimpit heart, I trow ne'er kent,
 The joys o' love to share.

I wadna hae nae flirtish queen
 That romps about the streets,
 Wha's heart turns like the weather cock
 To ilka Joe she meets.

She'll tell ye that she loes ye weel,
 Tak tent and turn your sail;
 Keek round the corner and ye'll find,
 Another on her trail.

Just watch them weel afore they part,
 Ye'll hear them pledge a vow,
 Ye'll hear a smack, the blinded gouk's
 A kissing at her mou'.

Kind fortune gie me Mary dear,
 That's aye sae frank and douce,
 Wha's laith to see her minnie do
 Ae turn about the house.

She's aye sae kind to ilka ane,
 She's mair than kind to me,
 I ken she lo'es me unco weel—
 My wifie soon she'll be.

Ane Mournfu' Tale.

'Twas in the time when gentle spring,
 Cam' smiling after winter blae,
 When birds began their sangs o' love,
 And flowers bedeck'd baith bank and brae.

When Willy trysted his ain love—
 His love sae leal and true—
 To gang wi' him to the dimple brae,
 The craw-berries for to pou.

The lark sang blithesome in the lift,
 The bee hummed i' the heather bell,
 The burn glinted clear to the kiss o' the sun,
 As it stream'd by the Dimple Hill.

Now they hae pou'd the crawberrie,
 And they hae pou'd the slae,
 They thought na how the time had flown,
 Till it came the fa' o' day.

Now he has said "my ain true love
 We're now lonesome and alane,
 I weary, weary, for the day
 When ye will be a' my ain."

"Your cheeks are red as ony rose,
 As ere in garden grew,
 Your bonnie e'en sae mild and meek
 Wad shame the violet blue."

"Your breath's as sweet's the breath o' May,
 When balmy breezes blaw,
 Your raven hair hangs o'er a neck
 That's whiter than the snaw."

"But what I prize far far abune,
 Is your heart sae leal and true,"
 And afore they left the Dimple Hill
 They've plighted a loving vow.

Yet he has spoke o' a weary thought,
 He never could wile away,
 A bode o' ill haunts his troubled mind—
 It haunts him night and day.

She smil'd sae sweet and she has said,
 "Oh! banish these dreams awa,
 And ne'er bode ill o' the comin' time
 O' the day that ye never saw."

Now they came down frae the Dimple brae,
 To gang hame by the winding rill,
 And they hae come to the Rowan tree,
 That hangs o'er the Nicherin pool.

Now she has said "there's a bonnie bunch
 That hangs on yon rowan tree."
 And he has said "my ain true love,
 I will pou that bunch for thee."

He clamb high to the tapmost branch,
 The red rowans for to cull,
 But the fickle branch it broke in twa,
 And he fell in the deep, deep pool!

"O save! O save! my own true love,"
 And she sprang in him to save—
 It wasna lang ere the waters ran
 O'er the lovers' watery grave!

And aye sin syne, I mind it weel,
 When bairnies at the schule
 Where'er wi' gade the charge was aye
 "Keep awa frae the Nicherin pool."

My Thoughts they ever wander.

My thoughts they ever wander,
 To thee that's gone away—
 To thee that's left this scene of strife,
 For realms of cloudless day.
 My thoughts are now no more of earth,
 They ever follow thee ;
 No comfort can the world bring—
 Thou wert the world to me.

Now weary wends the wae-clad hours,
 That once went sweetly by,
 When thou wert near wi' winning smile,
 No care would venture nigh.
 Methinks I see that dove-like eye,
 That brow so placid fair ;
 Methinks I see thee bend the knee,
 To God in humble prayer.

How aft I think upon thy ways,
 For they were ways of love ;
 Thy chiefest care was how to serve,
 That God who dwells above.
 To those that pined 'neath ills of earth,
 Thy hand was ever near
 To aid their wants, with heaven-taught mind
 The comfortless to cheer.

When death on thee did lay his hand,
 Thou never did'st repine ;

For in thy heart there dwelt a hope—
 A light from love divine.
 Thy spirit gently stole away,
 Cold death thou didst not dree;
 I'm weary of the ways of earth,
 I long to dwell with thee!

little
 Old Trafalgar.

To our village there came at the end of the war,
 A sailor whose ~~name~~ was Old Trafalgar;
 For serving his country, one shilling per day,
 Did the government quarterly unto him pay.
 He'd ae leg shot awa, he'd a ball through his
 breast,
 What remained of his body was worthy a rest.
 In his youth to the sea he had run awa,
 For reading or writing he ne'er car'd a straw;
 He thought for a time that man's chiefest lot,
 Was to stand for to shoot—or stand to be shot.
 At length when disabled and through wi' the strife,
 He thought he would now cast about for a wife;
 He saw a bit lassie that suited his taste,
 With no mickle ado she his offer embraced.
struck When the bargain was ~~made~~ wi' her mother's con-
 sent,
 Awa for the minister Trafalgar went—
 The minister star'd, 'bout the job wasna carein',

Deem'd it queer that a cripple like him should be
pairin'.

He questioned him tough 'bout faith and the law,
'Bout the ane or the ither he kent nothing ava.
He speer'd if he kent who commanded the Ark,
"Wi' that sailor," quo' he, "I ne'er had a lark."
Some mair names he did mention o' the folks o'
lang syne,

Trafalgar enquired if they sail'd in the line.
The minister thought it would be the best course,
To buckle the twasome for better or worse,
As the lassie had been for awhile at the school,
If anxious to learn she might gie him a spell.
The business was settled, they were made man and
wife,

He swore 'twas the happiest day of his life!
'Twa three months they lived canty fu couthie and
leal,

She recanted at length to an even-down diel!
Sometimes all unkent she wad screw aff his leg,
Then aff frae his chair he could ne'er move a peg!
By great perseverance she found out ilka spot,
O' his body that had got a cut or a shot,
And aye on these places she wad yerk him sair
As helpless he sat in his big armed chair!
He resolv'd to 'bout ship, he e'en did withdraw,
Now he liv'd as if he ne'er kent her ava,
Yet the neighbours observ'd the course he had
taen,

In a measure had sadly effected his brain.

At the door of the Anchor he'd sit and rehearse
 This wonderful story construed into verse :
 "In the time o' the war I was, barely landed,
 When pressed to the ship Lord Nelson com-
 manded ;

Next morning we sail'd all upon the salt sea,
 I was dowie and downcast as mortal could be.
 Ae day in deep sorrow my whole body was stor'd,
 When a loud cry was raised, "there's a man over-
 board."

Without ever thinking, without doffing my clothes,
 I had hold of the drowning man fast by the nose.
 A boat was soon lower'd, there rose a loud yell,
 The man I had sav'd was Lord Nelson himsel !
 When the water ran out him, with tears in his eye,
 He call'd me the bravest man under the sky,
 He piped for a while when his grief had got vent,
 On the spot I was christened a first Lieutenant,
 After that every thing wad be done in disorder,
 Unless it was done express to my order.

Ae day he did spy through his lang keeking glass,
 A Dutch man-o'-war—we were order'd to chase—
 When within half a league, he beckoned me quick,
 He told me to gang and board the Dutch ship ;
 "My Lord I will take it, if I don't succeed,
 I'll gie ye full power to chop off my head."

He said "Jack, do your best what way I don't
 care,

When folk do their best they can e'en do nae
 mair."

A pitch-fork I got, some powder and matches,
 The ship I did board—men were a' under hatches,
 I set fire to the powder, to the hatch I did steal,
 For the Dutch, like oursel's, are as sly as the diel!
 Ae sailor keeks up, he ne'er thought o' the plot,
 Wi' the fork I did catch him right bang in the
 throat!

And out o'er the ship I made him play flee,
 Ere ever he kent he was drowned in the sea;
 Another keeks up to look for his mate,
 Afore ever he dreamt he met the same fate,
 Another keeks up, just in the same fashion,
 To keek up again he ne'er had occasion.
 At this trade I did work till it came the sixth bell,
 When the Dutch ship was taken and mann'd by
 mysel'!

I sail'd back to our ship, I explained to my lord
 How I forked the Dutchmen clean overboard;
 He took me ben to his cabin, he show'd me a sack,
 Fill'd with gold pieces bang up to the neck.
 Quo' he, "my brave boy, I'm glad that I kent ye,
 With this sack o' gold I now do present ye,
 If e'er ye should spend it—by the God o' the
 main,

Just come back to me and I'll fill it again."
 Here Trafalgar sigh'd—"his lordship is shot,
 No more sacks o' gold will e'er fall to my lot.
 Come landlord some drink as ye value my life,
 By Jove I spy coming my hellicat wife.

Come lads stand around me, I've e'en got my
match,

She could kill me, mysel', and a nation o' Dutch."

His wife thus began, "ye base sailor tyke,

Ye think ye are safe in the midst o' that bike;

But I'll learn you that when ye've a wife,

Ye're obliged to maintain her a' the days o' her
life."

The landlord addressed her, "gang awa frae my
door,

For here I will hae nae kind o' uproar,

If he lacks a limb ye e'en lack a heart,"

The lads in the circle took Trafalgar's part.

Trafalgar sat quakin, no ae word wad he say,

He wished he was a thousand miles out o' her
way!

She gangs back for a bit, she makes a dead halt,

Then forward she springs like a four year auld
colt!

The landlord did stand wi' some beer in a jug,

Wi' her fist she did catch him a rap on the lug,

The beer flew in his een with this furious attack,

A stone took his foot, he fell clank on his back!

The folks 'bout Trafalgar ran aff in disorder,

Some bawling out shame, while others roar'd
murder.

The landlady inside had been fash'd wi' a weed,

She hears the stramash, with an invalid's speed

She comes out to the door and there she did see,

The landlord laid low with the beer in his e'e;
 She spys Trafalgar's wife, with a face full of rage,
 In a battle of words they did forthwith engage.
 From words they deftly descended to clutches,
 They scratched other's faces they tore other's
 mutches.

The landlord arose in the heat o' the fray,
 Mistress Trafalgar he fancied would carry the day,
 Though his wife had good mettle was middling
 tough,

Yet she could not prevail against science and
 youth.

He didna just like to observe his guidwife *a bare*

Cuff'd and clour'd within ~~an~~ inch o' her life,

He took aim with the jug, at the furious tartar,
 It struck her somewhere 'bout the tie o' the garter.

It was sent wi' such fury, she fell neath the shock,
 She roars, "ye base loon my leg ye hae broke."

Yet Trafalgar sat, no ae word did he say,

He wish'd he was thousands o' miles out her way!

A cart and a horse were passing that road,

The landlord cries carter, "come here for a load,"

Wi' no mickle ado they pitch'd Trafalgar in,

And syne his guidwife mid a world o' din. *drive*

The landlord did say "~~now~~ drive for your life,

Let nothing on earth keep a man frae his wife—

If e'er they come back, I'll murder them baith"

Thus did he say in the midst o' his wrath.

The driver then drove them awa to their hame,

A doctor was sent to examine her limb;
 Wi' cautious care he handled her structure,
 He pronounc'd that her limb had a compounded
 fracture.

He began a long, learn'd, wise dissertation,
 The finis thereof was the word "amputation!"
 She turn'd up her e'en, her reason grew dim,
 While the Doctor instanter did whang aff her limb,
 When she came to her senses she did pray and beg
 That the Doctor again should fix on her leg.
 Trafalgar replied 'tween a jeer and a whine,
 "Gin ye like ye may now hae a trial o' mine."
 In conclusion I now to the reader may say,
 There's truth in the maxim ilk dog has its day!

The weary wae o' drink.

A Tale o' Truth.

In a bonnie glen in Scotland,
 Rins a wimpling, winding burn;
 Nature in her countless beauties,
 Meets the eye on ilka turn.

There the rugged rocks hang frowning
 High abune the glen below;
 Frae the fissures grow the hazel
 And the primrose white as snow.

High o'erhead the lark is singing,
 Fluttering on its little wing ;
 Birds wi' sangs o' varied beauty,
 Make the cloudless welkin ring.

The Sheiling-hill is robed wi' heather,
 Bees sip sweets frae bloom to bloom ;
 All around the breath of heaven
 Sheds an Eden-like perfume.

In the glen grows many a daisy,
 Many a floweret fair to see,
 Yellow broom and birken bushes,
 Many a spreading hawthorn tree.

Adown the glen beside the burnie,
 In an ancient lonesome cot,
 Liv'd a homely frugal couple,
 Happy in their lowly lot.

A' the day John Brown was herding
 Sheep upon the craggy glen ;
 When ev'ning came his winsome wife,
 Kindly welcomed him again.

They had ae son a sweet wee laddie,
 Sax years auld or something mair ;
 He was his parents' darling treasure,
 Their unceasing tender care.

Ilka night he'd learn his lesson,
 To be said in school next day ;
 Ilka night his parents fondly
 Taught their little child to pray.

In the school he'd say his lesson,
 The master aye gae him applause ;
 Nae need had he for admonition,
 Nae need had he to thole the *tause* !

When a dolt wad stick his question,
 The master sent him to his side ;
 There he'd answer what was failed in,
 Wi' a kind o' manly pride.

Years flew by, now little Willy
 Had creep'd near to man's estate ;
 Learning was his eident pleasure,
 At his books baith ere and late.

Ae e'en he wander'd by the burnie,
 In a kind o' lonesome mood ;
 There he spy'd a lovely maiden,
 Budding into womanhood.

She stood beside the winding streamlet,
 Tears o' grief fell frae her e'e,
 As she sang a doleful ditty,
 About her parents 'cross the sea.

Willy's heart within did flutter,
 Wish'd that he her griefs could share ;
 Nigh he drew unto the maiden,
 Speer'd at her what was her care.

She tauld him that her loving parents,
 Sought a hame across the deep ;
 She wadna go, but stop in Scotland,
 Stop at hame to mourn and weep.

But they had sent to her some siller,
 She hop'd to meet them 'cross the main;
 Now she'd leave with heartfelt gladness,
 When the spring came round again.

Willy gazed at her fu' kindly,
 Jeanie Smith was fair to see;
 While he gazed the tear o' kindness,
 Fell unbidden frae his e'e.

First fond love! what hidden raptures,
 'Rose within ilk others heart!
 They wander'd 'mang the broom and breckans,
 They linger'd as if loth to part.

He aft unthinking pou'd the roses,
 Blooming on the banks sae green;
 He aften gazed with heartfelt wonder,
 On her love bewitching e'en.

The sun had sunk, the evening shadows
 Gently stole out o'er the glen;
 They parted, yet no word at parting,
 If they e'er should meet again.

They aften met, they aften wander'd
 To the spot where first they met;
 They aften vow'd, though far asunder,
 Ne'er ilk other to forget.

Now autumn came, syne burly winter,
 Sough'd and sigh'd out o'er the glen;
 Drifting snaw o' virgin whiteness,
 Mist and sleet, and plashing rain.

Spring time came sae coy and fickle,
 Snawdraps peeped in bielled howes ;
 The sun shone out wi' dazzling brightness,
 Melting snaw frae budding boughs.

Willy aften met wi' Jeanie,
 Now they dread the parting day ;
 Aft he pressed wi' loving fondness,
 For her ne'er to go away.

But stay at hame in bonnie Scotland,
 To be to him a loving wife ;
 Live in the glen 'mang peace and plenty,
 Free frae th' world's grovelling strife.

Jeanie thought, she pray'd, and ponder'd,
 In secret many a tear she shed,
 When sad news came frae Toronto,
 Her father slumber'd wi' the dead.

That her mother too was ailing,
 That she maun haste and come away,
 To cheer her in the land o' strangers,
 To be to her a helping stay.

Jeanie's heart amaist was breaking,
 Jeanie grat frae e'en to morn ;
 She tauld her mornfu' tale to Willy,
 Wish'd that she had ne'er been born.

He listen'd while a silent sorrow,
 Stole across his loving heart ;
 He took her hand, he kiss'd her fondly,
 Saying "never can we part."

“With thee I’ll cross the wide, wide ocean,
 I’ll love, I’ll toil for thee and thine;
 Ere we part sweet Jeanie promise
 That ye will ever be mine.”

Jeanie sigh’d, yet look’d fu’ kindly,
 Vow’d she’d act a faithful part;
 While youthful joy and mournful sadness,
 Play’d alternate in her heart.

Ae blithesome day she doffed her mournings,
 Tears fell down her cheeks like rain,
 When Willy clasped her to his bosom,
 Claiming her as now his ain.

Afore they left the glen sae lonely,
 Many a friend came far and near;
 When they spoke the “farewell to ye,”
 Many shed a sorrowing tear.

Need we speak about the voyage,
 The fickle bark became a wreck;
 How beset with many hardships,
 Safely landing at Quebec.

Sailing up the great St. Lawrence,
 To Toronto syne they came;
 There they found their lonely parent,
 Pressed wi’ grief and mickle pain.

Langsome she wi’ death did wrestle,
 Nae kind care her life could save;
 Free frae pain her body moulders,
 In the cold and lonely grave.

Troubles ne'er come single-handed;
 Jeanie on a sick bed lay—
 Willy ceaselessly watched o'er her,
 Tended her baith night and day.

The siller too was getting scanty,
 While far frae hame and kith and kin';
 Ilka penny was out-ganging—
 No a'e penny coming in.

Willy cheered his darling Jeanie,
 Against fortune ne'er to mane,
 Little thought she that her Willy—
 Had no ae plack to ca' his ain.

Ere monie weeks they sair did suffer,
 Haneing weel their scanty store,
 When ae e'ening 'bout the gloamin'—
 A rap came gently to the door.

Wha was it but kind McPherson,
 Chiefest o' St. Andrew's sect,
 He had heard about the strangers
 How they pined 'midst cauld neglect.

He had brought to them some siller,
 Kindly speered how they did fare;
 Syne he placed the suffering Jeanie—
 Under Telfer's skilly care.

Ere awhile her eye grew brighter,
 Health resumed its happy sway,
 Now her nights nae mair are sleepless,
 Pleasant thoughts the live-long day.

For Willy gat a situation,
 In a King Street clothing Store,
 Though his wages werena mickle,
 They kept starvation frae the door.

Time flew on and Willy, eident,
 In men's trust he daily grew ;
 Honesty and upright dealing,
 Steadily he kept in view.

When ane is weighed and prov'd a sample,
 O! the genuine honest brand—
 Soon they get a routh o' friendship—
 If in need, a helping hand.

His master, and a few that kent him,
 Gae him goods to start a store ;
 Soon his shop is stock'd wi' plenty,
 Wi' his name abune the door!

Jeanie help'd him in his business ;
 Siller he began to mak ;
 When on the very road to fortune,
 Willy took a downward tak.

At night he felt a kind uneasy,
 Felt a kind o' hankerin' queer,
 Gin he wasna wi' some crony,
 Crackin' o'er a glass o' beer.

First the beer and syne the whiskey ;
 Drinking has its set degrees,
 Syne a dose o' burning brandy
 Brings a momentary ease.

See him now bewitched, besotted,
 Staggering nightly to his hame;
 See his weeping, watching, Jeanie
 Striving for to hide their shame!

Drunk at night and dry to-morrow—
 Then the heart is drown'd wi' care;
 Aft he swore unto his Jeanie,
 He wad never drink nae mair!

But just ae drap to soothe his stomach;
 When the pith o' that is gone—
 He tapers off, but in the tapering,
 Deluded Willy tapers on!

O! that drink! that fell-destroyer,
 Ruining body soul and a'
 When will our country's Legislature,
 Pass a Prohibition Law?

First he only drank at eenings,
 Now he drinks the lee lang day:
 When bills o' payment wad be pressing,
 Willy aye was out the way!

Wha can deny drink leads to ruin;
 See him turned frae out his store—
 Mark him now, blotch'd and besotted,
 Turn'd e'en frae the tavern door!

Sons of men! gie up your drinking!
 There is a time to be too late—
 There is a time of earthly warning,
 Ere death shall seal man's future fate!

Drink leaves the dregs o' monie troubles;
 Shatter'd body, weak at best,
 Mind in tortures, soul uneasy—
 Cannot find a soothing rest!

Ghastly phantoms hover round you,
 Demons hideous to the view,
 Rising, beckoning, breathing o'er you,
 Fiends of every shape and hue!

Satan stands as if to catch you—
 Voices tremble in your ear,
 Dread of death your vitals shiver
 With a torturing hell-bound fear!

Drink has lost its strength, its value,
 Water! water! now at length,
 The burning thirst that rages in you,
 The very ocean could not quench!

Sons of men! gie up your drinking,
 This damning vice its power outbrave;
 Lest ye unheeding like our Willy,
 Untimely fill a *drunkard's grave*!

The Drinking o't.

O! the weary drinking o't,
 Farewell for aye the drinking o't,
 There's no ae drap gangs o'er my crap,
 I scunner at the drinking o't.

My wife has sat for nights and grat
 When I was never thinking o't,
 While in some house I'd be fu' crouse
 Contented wi' the drinking o't.

O! the weary, &c.

The sun might glower the day out o'er,
 I didna mind the blinking o't,
 I'd sit and smoke and laugh and joke,
 But ne'er forget the drinking o't,

O! the weary, &c.

A friend or twa might steal awa,
 I couldna bide the jinking o't,
 Some mair wad come, I aye gat some
 To help me wi' the drinking o't.

O! the weary, &c.

Within my brain there grew a pain,
 My e'en wad try the winking o't;
 I couldna sleep but aff wad creep
 To cure them wi' the drinking o't.

O! the weary, &c.

At last the gear did disappear,
 Drouth couldna thole the clinking o't,
 I swore an aith, till my last breath,
 Ne'er mair to fash the drinking o't.

And now farewell the drinking o't,
 Farewell for aye the drinking o't,
 There's no ae drap gangs o'er my crap,
 I scunner at the drinking o't.

Leisure and Love.

“Gang awa wi’ ye lassie, gie me nane o’ ye’re havers,
I’m tired o’ your sighing, your greeting and blavers,
A hussie like you, I may unco weel ban—
Canna thole twa three years without a guid-man!”

“Had your father been living I’m sure he’d gane gite,
He’d misca’d me and gien me the whole o’ the wite,
He wad rage round the house, he wad breed sic a splore
We wad baith hae been glad to flee out at the door.”

“Gang awa wi’ ye lassie, wad ye leave me my lane?
Wad ye leave me to drag out a life time o’ pain?
Had ye ae spark o’ sense, wad ye do sae I ween?
Ye wad stay wi’ your mither till death clos’d her e’en.”

“It canna be lang on this earth I can dow,
Its time enough then to get wedded I trow;
But tak tent o’ my words, aye on them rely,
Sae as ye mak your bed sae will ye lye.”

Sweet Jessie sat greeting, her heart was sae wae,
For weel she loe’d Johnie for many a day,
She thought she wad gie the bit ring back again,
And ne’er gie her mither mair sorrow or pain.

But Johnie came in, he spoke kind to the mither,
’Twas nae lang ere they made up to live a’ thegither;
The auld mither got canty, she forgot a’ the strife,
She’s a hame for auld age a’ the days o’ her life.

My Love she winna Smile on Me.

My love she winna smile on me,
 Whate'er I do or say ;
 I trow I'll see her ance again,
 I canna bide away.

She winna comfort gie fair maid,
 She winna comfort gie ;
 Although I loe her as my life
 She's aye a slighting me.

I bought my love a gown o' silk,
 I thought 'twad please her well ;
 She slips away and wi' a frown,
 Says "wear the gown yoursel."

I bought my love a pair o' trews,
 Upon my love's birth-day ;
 This time she smil'd fu' kind on me—
 She didna slip away.

And now she comforts me, fair maid,
 She disna tak the gie,
 She smiles sae sweet whene'er we meet,
 She's now a coaxing me !

She's now a courting me, fair maid,
 Whate'er I do or say ;
 Now lads gane ye wad maidens woo,
 Just gie them a' their way.

The Wallace Monument.

A monument to last for
We'll hae a proud, proud monument,

In the land o' freedom's birth ;
In honor o' the bravest brave
That ever breathed on earth !

In memory o' great Wallace Wight,
Whose daring dauntless heart
Would never wince to foreign sway,
Or Scotia's cause desert.

When cauld and chill was freedom's hand,
And faint and fainter grew
Her flittering breath, great Wallace rose
And loud her trumpet blew !

The droukit thistle raised its head

That erst hung pensylie,
As if it kend auld Scotia's boast—

Who ~~“Wha dares to meddle me”?~~ *knew*

He saw an eagle from the
At The eagle frae the lonesome cliff

Soar'd proudly to the sky ;

He watch'd its flight, he cried aloud,

“Freedom can never die”!

Brave Proudly he led his warriors forth *on*

man Unto the battle field,

With him to fight, with him to die—

To die, but never yield. *for get & fight*

Disgrace be ever on the name
 Of him, to latest hour,
 Who brought the dauntless patriot chief
 Within a tyrant's power.

Who can forget our patriot's deeds?
 His name shall never die,
 For closely knit in unison
 Is Wallace and Liberty!

The auld Scotch Sang.

"Come Mary bring the sang book down,
 Lay by your spinning wheel,
 And sing yon auld Scotch sang to me,
 Last night ye sang sae weel."

Quo Mary "father there's a sang
 Was wrote by Andrew Graham,
 I like to croon it to mysel',
 Afore folk I think shame."

"But gin ye like I'll sing it o'er,"
 "Yes sing the sang" quo he;
 "But when I sing it father dear,
 Ye winna frown at me."

"I winna frown my Mary dear,
 Your courtship lang I kent, *had*
 Last night he speer'd if you might wed,
 I gae him my consent."

The lassie smil'd she look'd sae glad,
 Her arms around him flang,
 She kiss'd his cheek, saying "father dear,"
"I needna sing the sang."

The wonderful history of a love-sick Gentlewoman.

PART FIRST.

I knew a high-bred gentlewoman,
 But now her race is run,
 Which brings an end unto her life,
 Before my tale's begun.

She liv'd in peace and happiness,
 Most kind was to the poor;
 She ne'er was known to turn away
 A beggar from her door.

She lov'd a proud, proud gentleman
 Of very large estate:
 Her love, alas! the gentleman
 Did not reciprocate.

She sent a letter unto him,
 His presence to desire;
 He took the letter, but did throw
 It madly in the fire.

If he had read the letter o'er,
 The lady gone to see,
 It might have spared me pen and ink
 To write this history.

He took the letter from the boy
 In livery so neat,
 Thrust it into the fire, then kick'd
 The boy into the street.

The boy ran to the gentlewoman,
 He told a piteous tale ;
 To go with letters more to him,
 She never could prevail.

If e'er by dire necessity
 (The thought o't could not brook,)
 To pass that way, the little boy
 Swift to his heels betook.

'The gentlewoman was perplex'd,
 Most greivous to behold,
 As she did love this gentleman,
 As misers love their gold.

All day she sighed about the house,
 She could not sleep at night,
 But in her dressing gown would sit,
 And weep with all her might.

At length there came to visit her,
 A lady friend most fair ;
 She told this lady that her cup
 Ran over with despair.

She told her how this gentleman
 Her letter did destroy,
 But did not say one word how he
 Did kick the little boy.

Her eye grew bright,—she says “my dear,
 Will you go with this note,
 And when I die, in my last will
 Ye shall not be forgot.”

The lady said that she would go,
 Whatever would befall:
 If she had *sent* the little boy,
 He would not *move* at all.

She held the letter in her hand,
 Post meridian four o'clock;
 On the door of this great gentleman
 She gave ONE DOUBLE knock.

The gentleman forthwith desired
 The lady at the door
 To step into the parlor,
 Where she ne'er was before.

He took the letter from her hand,
 He look'd most wond'rous kind;
 The lady messenger knew not
 What thoughts were in his mind.
 He spoke awhile with tender speech,
 Told her to come next day,
 And he would answer tell to *her*,
 What he had got to say.

She rose from off the cushioned seat,
She curtseyed manifold;
And he did bow a bow full low,
Most pleasing to behold.

She went back to the gentlewoman,
Told what was said by *he* ;
Moreover fully did relate
All that was said by *she*.

The gentlewoman then began
To conjure in her mind
Most pleasing thoughts that now, at length,
He had grown wond'rous kind.

Next day the lady messenger
Did rap upon his door,
She was bowed into the parlor,
Where she had been before.

He spoke to her a full half hour,
But nothing of the note ;
She did remind him of the same,
Which he had quite forgot.

He told her for to come next day,
His hand was on his heart ;
He kiss'd the lady messenger
Before she did depart.

But now unto the gentlewoman
She told not all her mind ;
She knew full well that those in love
Are subject to be blind.

Next day the lady messenger
 Again she did employ,
 Far better for her, if she could
 Have coaxed the little boy.

Day after day 'twas still the same,
 He could not answer give ;
 In sad suspense, the gentlewoman
 Had much ado to live.

One day the lady messenger
 Did not again return ;
 The gentlewoman now was left
 All wretched and forlorn.

Again she did entreat the boy
 The gentleman to see ;
 He went his way, and as he went
 He wept distractedly.

He went into a towering church,
 As he did pass that way,
 He saw the lady messenger
 Bedeck'd in bride's array.

But when he saw the gentleman
 Of very large estate,
 Out from the church he ran like fire,
 Lest he might break his pate.

He told the gentlewoman all
 What he did there espy,
 She then lay down upon her couch,
 But could not wink an eye.

Next morn the boy went to her room,
 He rapped there full sore,
 But all that he could say or do,
 She would not ope the door.

He then ran for a blacksmith,
 Who did the door assail ;
 The gentlewoman lay in bed
 As dead as a door nail !

The lawyers sooth undid her will—
 The truth I must relate—
 She left all to the gentleman
 Of very large estate !

To the little boy she did leave nought,
 Though he bled in her cause :
 I think we must fall on some plan
 To equalize the laws.

PART SECOND.

The little boy one day did come
 Right joyful unto me,
 And from his tale I now resume
 This marvellous history.

The bridal party left the church,
 The bride looked bravely fine,
 The bridegroom pressed the company
 To come with them and dine.

They henceforth went into his house,
Joy shone in every face,
No kind of care did them perplex,
That mortal man could trace.

The board was spread most plenteously
With wines pure from the grape;
The boy told me, to aid its strength,
It had sailed round the Cape.

At night the dancing did begin,
Both polka and strathspey;
The company looked round and saw
The bride had stolen away.

The bridegroom ran about the house,
He ran most furiously,
But not one vestige of his wife
Or her remains found he.

At length all in a cellar deep,
The truant bride they found,
With hair on end, with blood-shot eye
She lay on the cold ground.

They raised her up, a piercing yell
Came from her parched tongue,
They looked aghast, for with the shout
The very barrels rung.

They laid her on a bed of down,
She groaned in agony;
The only words she uttered were
"I cannot walk with thee."

She lay in bed for days and weeks,
 The doctors went in vain ;
 She lay, but did not seem to have
 The slightest twinge of pain.

She thought her limbs were made of *straw* :
 They forced her for to rise ;
 Whene'er they placed her on her shanks,
 She fell before their eyes.

Whene'er she fell down they raised her up—
 Such pranks they never saw—
 They told her for to walk—she said,
 “ How can I walk on *straw*.”

A private consultation they
 Did with the bridegroom hold ;
 He said if they would her restore
 He'd fee them manifold.

To many schemes they did resort,
 To make the lady rise,
 But all their tricks and deep laid plans,
 The lady did despise.

They placed her in an arbour,
 They set her on a chair,
 She sat, but while she sat, her limbs
 Were dangling in the air.

They set fire to the arbour,
 The flames wreath'd her around ;
 She sat and roar'd, but did not place
 One foot upon the ground.

They snatch'd her from amongst the fire,
 She tendered them her thanks,
 But all the doctors said or did,
 She would not use her shanks.

At length they thought upon a plan,
 To drive her to a place
 Where murders were committed oft
 Upon the human race.

They equipt a band of armed men,
 They placed them in the wood ;
 Some represented Littlejohn,
 Some, famous Robin Hood.

They drove her to this lonesome place,
 They did the coach surround,
 They fired off guns, they laid the males
 As dead upon the ground.

She leapt from out the coach at length,
 She sprang o'er dyke and ditch,
 She ran and roared, as if pursued
 By some outlandish witch.

She ran and ran, but where she ran
 No mortal e'er could trace ;
 But if she runs unto this day,
 There ne'er was such a race.

The gentleman grew sick at heart,
 His conscience prick'd him sore ;
 He sent to tell the little boy
 He ne'er would kick him more.

He made his will that very day,
 He died that very night;
 The boy got all that he possessed:
 No more need I indite.

Geordie Ha'.

Nae youngster gets the bonnie lass,
 Nae youngster gets the braw—
 Her father's coax'd her o'er to wed
 Auld doited Geordie Ha'.

Auld Geordie came across the ford
 Ae night at gloamin fa';
 Her mother grat, her father swore,
 When they saw Geordie Ha'.

"What's this about?" auld Geordie said,
 "What's this about ava?"

They tald him that their wilfu bairn
 Would ne'er be Luckie Ha'.

"That canna be," auld Geordie said

"I gave ye hundreds twa—
 The bargain's made and in a week
 She shall be Luckie Ha'."

"Guid faith ye're right, for Jock your son
 Has stown the goods awa;
 He's ta'en the lass to Lammerton
 And made her Luckie Ha'."

*I wish that gentle had stop'd
his breath* 59

Auld Geordie then in wrath did say,
"Gie back the hundreds twa;
I wish they baith had broke their necks
Afore they ran awa."

Her father said "that canna be,
That canna be ava,
When Jock did steal the lass away,
He stole the gear and a'."

Weep! Weep! with me for my true lover.

I have no joy, no glint of gladness,
A heart of grief, a heart of sadness,
Death from me my love did sever,
She lonely sleeps by the Grand River.
Weep! weep! with me for my true lover.

She lov'd me well, no heartless loving;
Her youthful heart knew no deceiving;
Can I forget? forget her never,
Though cold she lies by the Grand River.
Weep! weep! with me for my true lover.

How oft I've met her by the shallows,
Where the stream glides 'neath the willows;
There oft' we've vow'd to love for ever,
Vow'd youth's first vows by the Grand River.
Weep! weep! with me for my true lover.

*heavily being dogh
The Gypsies say he was a
And says he was a
man*

Aft we've watch'd the moonbeams gleaming
 O'er the waters onward streaming ;
 Ah ! little thought me I would ever
 Weep o'er her grave by the Grand River.
 Weep ! weep ! with me for my true lover.
 Full oft we've watch'd the fire-fly glimmer
 In the calm still nights of summer ;
 No rude storms the trees would shiver,
 All, all was peace by the Grand River.
 Weep ! weep ! with me for my true lover.
 My life is now a life of mourning,
 No flow'rets fair my path adorning ;
 My only care it shall be ever
 To watch her grave by the Grand River.
 Weep ! weep ! with me for my true lover.

Thirty days among the stones.

Toronto now is drown'd in woe,
 Her tears may well in anguish flow ;
 Her graceful gallant is brought low,
 For lack o' gear ;
 She scarce can overcome the blow,
 I mickle fear.
 Wha now will lead the city fashion ?
 Wha now will be *the observation* ?
 He was the ane that could gae dashin'
 Along the street :
 There's no ane fit to fill his station,
 Or walk his beat.

There's nane can wear his rings and chain,
 His silver-headed bamboo cane,
 His studs in dickey, without stain,

Up to his ears :

Our grief maun thole till ance again

He re-appears.

He rul'd the roost in monie ways ;
 The lasses sounded loud his praise,
 He set their hearts a' in a blaze,

By day or night :

But now alas ! for thirty days

He's out their sight.

His ways and manners were sae takin',
 Wad sing them sangs o' his ain makin',
 Their tender hearts would gang quake, quakin'

To list his tones :

Now G——t's sent him to the breakin'

O' A——'s stones.

'Twas grand indeed to hear him sing ;
 But see him at the Highland fling,
 His very toe to nose he'd bring,

His fingers snap,

Then round and round he wad play spring

Wi' artful knack.

The mothers smiled, the lasses sighed,
 They ane and a' his form envied ;
 Encore, encore ! they often cried,

While his ain gender,

Their very hearts within them died

F

With envious wonder.

But mark him driving forth his groys,
His arms akimbo in the chaise,
His scented meerschaum sheds a haze

About his pow;
With quizzing glass how he can gaze,
And beck and bow.

The Police caught him on the street,
Ae night o'erpower'd wi' drink and weat;
Wi' anxious word he did entreat

That he might gae:
They lock'd him up that he might meet
G——t next day.

Before the court they did him take,
He long'd for drink his thirst to slake,
“Sae as ye brew sae will ye bake,”

Kind G——t says,
“And if ye canna pay the stake,
Tak thirty days.”

And there before the police chief,
The dashing swell wi' pent up grief
Tald how the drink play'd the mischief,
By foul or fair,

He swore if he would grant reprieve,
He'd drink nae mair.

But G——t started on the banter,
He said it was a sad miscanter;
Speer'd if his name was Rab the Ranter,

Wi' paukie bether,
And when he last play'd up his chanter
To Maggy Lauder.

Wha can, like G——t, scan a case?
 He'll read your crimes just in your face,
 Lay down the law wi' courtly grace
 And couthie manners,
 Syne send ye aff your nerves to brace,
 Wi' knapping hammers.

Maclaurn my Lad.

Gang awa to your blankets, Maclaurn my lad,
 Slip awa to your blankets, Maclaurn my lad,
 Dinna rage round the house as if ye were mad,
 Gang awa 'mang your blankets, Maclaurn my lad.

Though your jo has recanted and shown the white
 feather,
 Got buckled and booked and awa wi' another,
 Will your grievin' hae ony effect on the jad,
 Slip awa 'mang your blankets, Maclaurn my lad.

Though aft ye hae gien her a routh o' sweet kisses,
 A fig about that, there's plenty mair lasses,
 Sae cock up your crest, and no look sae sad,
 Slip awa 'mang your blankets, Maclaurn my lad.

If your tired o' your life, rin awa to the lake
 And drown yersel' there for the dear lady's sake,
 Then brawly ye'll drift 'mang the suckers and shad,—
 Better drift 'neath yere blankets, Maclaurn my lad.

Gin ye no like to drown, tak the rope frae the naig
 And hang yersel up by the heft o' the craig;
 Then what will befa' yere mither and dad—,
 Better kick 'mang the blankets, Maclaurn my lad.

They hae coax'd the Maclaurn awa to his bed—
 He dream't he was booked, and buckl'd, and wed,
 That his wife was the diel wi' a scorpion's tongue,
 Wha gae weight to her words wi, the rap o' a rung.

He thought in his sleep he was changed to a wife,
 Had a hous fu' o' gets, and a hous fu' o' strife;
 'Mang his troubles he roars, wi' a grunt and a grane,
 "I wish I was ance mair a maiden again."

"Sleep sound in yere blankets, Maclaurn my lad,
 Just sleep by yersel,' Maclaurn my lad;
 Be content wi' yere lot, be thankfu' and glad,
 That *she's* still *her nainse*, Maclaurn my lad."

The Tables Turned.

Ae wintry day the norland blast,
 Bicker'd fierce o'er hill and dale;
 In our snug cot my wife and I—
 Sat supping our lang kail.

Quo she, "The hand o' Providence,
 A routh o' gifts doth yield—
 There's many ane this day I trow
 Has neither meat nor bield."

Wi' that she laid aside her spoon,
 And kittled up the fire;
 I drew my bonnet o'er my lugs,
 Syne gade out to the byre.

I keeked up the moorland road,
 A weary sight I saw,
 A Mother and twa little bairns,
 Were draggling through the snaw.

I warsled up the trackless road,
 As fast as I could wend,
 Ae bairn she held upon her breast,
 The other by the hand.

My wife soon changed their draggled claes,
 She made a broust o' tea,
 The mother spoke her heartfelt thanks,
 While tears fell frae her e'e.

Her raven hair now mixed wi' grey,
 Flowed round a brow once fair,
 Her looks betold a tale o' grief,
 A weary load o' care.

We made a bed a-but the house,
 They needed rest and sleep;
 While 'bout her wark my ain guidwife—
 On tip-toe step did creep.

About the wanderers much we thought,
 Yet little did we speak;
 My wife would sigh while aft a tear,
 Would trickle down her cheek.

When morning came I ventured out,
 The cocks forgot to crow,
 The drift birled frae the lift, aboon
 A wilderness of snaw.

The kye I fothered, syne I gaed,
 Awa back to the house,
 About my wife the auldest bairn,
 Was rinning round fu' crouse.

The little wee bit toddling thing,
 Was mair than earthly fair,
 Red rosy cheeks and snaw-white skin,
 Wi' locks o' gowden hair.

The Mother sat beside the fire
 Wi' the youngest on her knee,
 It looked at me wi' doubtful looks,
 Syne laughed wi' pawkie glee.

The mother speered about the storm,
 Somehow my heart was glad,
 When I replied wi' a kind smile—
 "She was fair storm-sted."

Her waesome voice spak' words o' thanks,
 The auldest laddie ran,
 He took me by the hand and lisp'd—
 "I wish I was a man."

Why do ye wish that ye were sae?
 We a' did glower at him,
 When he replied "I'll hae a house
 To fend my mother in."

The Mother said, "O if your father
Still had been to the fore,
We needna hae been forced to seek
Our bread frae door to door."

Her words bespoke a woman's heart,
An independent pride;
I drew a stool unto the fire—
And sat down by her side.

I edged in twa-three cannie words,
How we should ne'er repine,
But look for comfort from on high,
And aid through the Divine.

Although wi' carking care our minds—
Upon our sufferings brood,
The trials dealt us in this life
Are surely sent for good.

My words, they seemed to hearten her,
She looked less mournfully,
She thus began to tell her tale
Unto my wife and me.

"My Father dwells beside the Tweed,
Near by a woodland grove,
My Mother died before I knew
A Mother's tender love.

"Thrice happy were my youthful years,
No thought of care had I,
I was my Father's boast and pride—
'The apple of his eye.'"

"My Mother ! oft he did recall
 Her image to my mind,
 Her Christian love, her ways and words,
 Her heart so pure and kind.

"How oft we sat beside her grave
 While tears bedimmed mine eye,
 Methought I've often heard her voice
 In whispers from the sky.

"Brothers' nor sisters' love had I,
 No one my faults to chide—
 Where'er my father went I would
 Be ever at his side.

"My Father changed, no more he gaed
 Unto the lone churchyard,
 And me alas ! at length he grew
 Amaist to disregard.

"Sixteen summers then had fled
 Of my dull eerie life—
 One day I heard my Father soon
 Would wed another wife.

"Ere long she came, and with her came
 Her darling only son ;
 Between the twa no peace had I,
 My troubles were begun.

"I had no kindly friend, to whom
 My sorrows to impart,
 My hours were hours of wretchedness—
 A living, vacant heart.

" One day, beside the silvery Tweed,
 Beneath an aged aik,
 I sat and wept, methought my heart
 With agony would break.

" I fell asleep, I dreamt a dream—
 A fearful, sickening dream,
 And starting up, while in my sleep,
 I plunged into the stream.

" One of my father's serving men
 Had heard my piercing scream—
 With hasty step he snatched me from
 The bosom of the stream."

" He laid me on the grassy bank,
 With fond and kindly care,
 He held my brow, and gently strok'd
 The water from my hair.

" He watch'd me with a wistful eye,
 So gentle and so kind,
 The fearful death I had escaped
 Was banished from my mind."

" He drew his arm around my neck,
 He clasped me to his breast,
 He spoke o' love, I in return
 My maiden love confess'd."

" In secret oft, full oft we met,
 I knew another life,
 In secret I was won and wed,
 In secret made a wife."

"This could not last, one night I did
 Upon my father wait,
 Confessed the truth—with bitter wrath
 He turned us from his gate.

"We knew but little of the world,
 With love our hopes were bound,
 We went, his bitter words did fall
 Like water on the ground."

"We journeyed to a distant town,
 My husband found employ :
 In midst of pure felicity,
 Came home our eldest boy."

"An evil hour came round at length,
 My John was wiled away,
 To serve his country and his Queen,
 They would not let me gae."

"Within one week my husband dear
 Was severed from my side,—
 He fell in battle, now I'm thrown
 Upon the world wide."

"Again I'll seek my father's face,"
 (The tears stood in her eye)

"If he should spurn me from his door.
 I'll lay me down and die."

My wife then look'd with scanning eyes
 The stranger's face upon,
 Quo she, "I'm sure your maiden name
 Is Mary Alison."

"Yes!" she replied, my wife then flung
 Her pipe against the wa',
 She clasped her round the neck,
 Cries "surely this coves a'."

"I nursed ye when ye was a bairn
 Nae higher than my knee,—
 Guid faith, its true we dinna ken
 What we are born to see."

"And what is mair my bonnie bairn,
 Ye were married to our Jock,
 "Guid wife," quo I, "gae to the door
 There's somebody gien a knock."

She gangs awa into the door,
 While I did listening stand,
 She gies a scream—afore I wist
 Jock grasps me by the hand!

He looks around he sees his wife,
 Our senses were bereft,
 Sic joy I trow will ne'er again
 Be known beneath the lift.

When we had come about a bit,
 Jock gae us a lang screed—
 How he upon the battle field
 Was taken up for dead.

How they consigned him to his grave,
 All in a darksome pit—
 He kent what they were gaun to do
 He roars, "I'm living yet."

They took him to the hospital—
 He lay 'tween death and life,
 Health gain'd the day, and death at last
 Gae up his battle strife.

He got discharged, he also got
 A pension frae the crown,
 He leapt for joy, for he thought
 The pot would now boil brown.

At length his native land he reached,
 He sought his wife in vain,—
 He sought her east, he sought her west,
 In sunshine and in rain.

He sought her at her father's ha.'
 With anxious boding dread,
 He found her father was no more
 For six weeks he'd been dead.

"Dead! dead," his wife with tears exclaim'd,
 Quo Jock, "and what is mair,
 He's left ye houses land and gear,
 Ye're now his lawful heir."

We stared at ilk wi' gaping mouths,
 Our senses were bereft
 Sic joy I trow will ne'er again
 Be known beneath the lift.

The Iron-bar Battle.

When summer show'rs begreet the sky
 To flood the gentle rippling Dye,
 She rushes down wi' headlang pace
 As wave wi' wave ran at a race.
 Ae day sic like she down came dashin'
 Quoth I, "the morn I'm at the fishin'," ,
 I set to rights my rod and reel,
 My heckling hooks and fishing creel.
 The morn came fair by bank and brae,
 She toddled on her gentle way
 Her brulzie o'er she look'd like ane
 Humbly repenting o' a sin,
 Or like some cannie country wife
 Set clear o' some bit gossip strife.
 In twa-three hours I ply'd sae weel,
 As hafins fill'd my willow creel,
 When 'neath a cloud the sun keeked out,
 I couldna catch another trout:
 I set me down upon a stane,
 To watch gin he would hide again;
 Frae out my flask I took a drink,
 Which brought my truant mind to think
 That I would shankit to "The Den,"
 To see the king o' drunken men,
 To see gin Vulcan's ta'en to total,
 Or sicker stickin' to the bottle,
 (He was a youth o' chance begettin'

He kept the session Sundays sittin'
 For kith or kin he ne'er had nane;
 Some thought he came to earth his lane,
 To swear, your very heart would harrow,
 Seek Yetholm town to find his marrow,
 Sae down the banks o' Dye I dander'd
 (O Dye! how oft by thee I've wander'd)
 Across the haugh and by the plantin'
 I listened to the wee birds chantin'
 I clamb the stile wi' cannie care
 Some other music met my ear,
 I keeked round the outside spence,
 There Vulcan was engaged at fence,
 Wi' Rab, whas other name is Murdy,—
 Steeve o' the bone baith stab and sturdy:
 Lang airn bars at ilk they melled
 Lang blackguard oaths at ilk they yelled;
 The laird upon a horse was sittin',
 His sides wi' laughin' maist were splittin',
 He cheer'd the ta'en, he coax'd the t'other,
 Ca'd Murdy his adapted brother;
 Murdy stood cosh, he didna flounce,
 He parried monie an artfu' pounce,
 Frae side to side he didna sparge,
 As nappin' stones gae Vulcan charge.
 But Vulcan was o' nervous race,
 Aft changed his tactics and his place,
 Sometimes on hunker low he bended,
 Sometimes straight up the blows defended,

Sometimes he'd press upon him sair,
 Then back would flit ten pace or mair
 Then whuff he'd jilt to left or right,
 Win Rab a risle a' his might.
 The reek steam'd aff frae Vulcan's pow
 As if his carcase was alowe—
 He fought as if a nation's war,
 Was centered in his iron bar!
 But Murdy melled as Vulcan wheel'd,
 And sair the claws o' Vulcan peeled,
 Wi' this he lent him sic a lounder,
 Brought Robin down as flat's a flounder.
 I forward ran wi' headlong pace,
 Flung water into Murdy's face—
 He oped his e'en, gat up his lane
 Rab Murdy soon cam' round again!
 Sae soon's his e'en on Vulcan rested,
 He clenched his hands, shot out his brisket—
 "Ye tanker backit, Twinlaw cairn
 I'll fecht ye now without the airn,
 I'll fecht," roared he—by this the Laird
 Possession had of Vulcan's beard.
 The Laird cries out, "to end this pliskie
 We'll hae anither gill o' whisky,"
 Sae he to Vulcan gies a crown,
 Saying "get some drink ye ill far'd loon,"
 Vulcan ran off, his every action,
 Bespoke a wholesale satisfaction.
 Meanwhile the Laird conversed wi' Murdy—
 "This day ye must not take the sturdy,

End weel the ploy sae weel begun,
 We e'en will hae a routh o' fun,
 Be sure abide by my decidal,
 Right well ye'll straight up Vulcan's bridal."
 It was nae lang ere Vulcan landed,
 Wi' as much drink's a crown commanded.
 The Laird spake thus—"Ye men o' mettle
 I'm no just pleased about this battle,
 Will ye stand fast, wi' nae mair clatter,
 To a bit play to end the matter—
 That he wha wades the Rigfoot weil
 He shall be crown'd the bravest chiel,
 A guid fat sheep mysel' I'll gie,
 To him wha carries aff the gree;
 Vulcan wades first, then Murdy brave,
 Shall breast the elemental wave."
 To this the Warriors baith consented,
 They baith seem'd weel enough contented.
 We emptied ilka drinking team—
 Syne aff we gade unto the stream;
 We landed there 'mang dinsome clatter,
 And Vulcan soon took to the water,
 As Vulcan waded to the neck—
 The Laird began to bow and beck—
 To Murdy, wha seized Vulcan's chattles,
 Quick on a horse awa he brattles!
 The Laird roars out "o' wae o' waes!
 Murdy's right aff wi' Vulcan's claes!"
 Then frae the water out sprang he,
 Wi' anger, he could barely see.

The Laird roars out "why do ye stand
 Hae, there's a horse at your command,
 And ride as riding for a wager
 Like ony moor-stell-hunting gauger."
 It wasna lang, just in a crack—
 Vulcan sat steeve upon horseback,
 The horse did snort and blaw and bock,
 It wasna used wi' bare legged folk.
 Straight up the haugh awa he sprang,
 The very birds forgot their sang,
 The corbies croaked ower his head—
 Nae doubt expecting soon a feed,
 The hares ran aff amang the hills,
 The rabbits flew into their holes!
 He yell'd on Murdy, but in vain
 The hills re-echoed back the strain!
 O Murdy man, wi' a your caperin'
 Ye might hae dropt his smithy apron!
 The Laird fell down wi' glee exhausted;
 I flung awa my gaud and basket,
 And after them awa did wend,
 To see how the affair would end.
 Fast, fast they ride,—O guid-forsake-us
 They're straight awa to Lockermacus!
 Rab's gain'd the brig, he's ower the water;
 Fast through the ford did Vulcan splatter,
 Rab looks behind, wi' downright fright,
 He fain would vanish out o' sight.
 Fast now did Vulcan on him rush,
 He at him made a fiendish dash,

He ga'e a'e spring—wi' fearfu' force
 He landed on to Murdy's horse !
 He clasped his arms round Murdy's waist
 Sax times mair tight than lass e'er lac'd,
 The horse did loup, the horse did prance,
 It reel'd, it wheel'd, as in a dance,
 Rab yell'd and roar'd his highest pitch,
 Till baith play'd wallop in the ditch !
 Syne sic a battle did ensue,
 They fought till they were black and blue !
 The clouds by this began to lour,
 The rain in torrents down did pour,
 Vulcan cries out " o' wae o' waes,
 Come, Murdy, hand me by my claes ! "

Tobacco.

The Muse ! I'll cour beneath thy wing,
 While the tobacco weed I sing,
 Whether in cake or twisted string ;
 Do thou me guide :
 Happily my fame perchance may ring
 The world wide !

Nane o' our poets sang thy praise ;
 Their bonnie, buskit, wordy lays,
 Were maist 'bout lasses, burns, and braes,
 And yird and sky :
 At thee, poor weed, they cock'd their nose,
 And pass'd thee by.

There's Burns, poor fellow, king o' men,
 Could school the deil, e'en in his den,
 And man's frail heart, baith but and ben,

 Could praise or slight :
 But no ae word wad condescen',
 'Bout thee to write.

How braw he painted cutty-sark,
 Wi' Satan hodging on the ark ;
 Within a near hand gun shot mark,
 Tam might wi' ease
 Hae thrown to him, wi' kind remark,
 A pipe o' peace.

He might hae ta'en a puff or twa,
 His cantle he might gi'en a claw,
 Although his back be at the wa'
 Without a joke,
 In the decreet might faund some flaw,
 To ease our yoke.

He might, 'tween ilka hornpipe reel,
 Hae glamed the fussel and the steel,
 A clout he might hae torn fu' weel,
 Aff Cutty's sark :
 Cats aye are grey to touch or feel,
 When in the dark.

When folk are dowff or screachin' glad,
 Or just like a March hare, run mad,
 Or lasses whingin' 'bout their lad
 That's promise broke,
 There's naething will the passions sad
 Like a guid smoke.

When friends gang hame to their last sleep,
 When o'er your nerves the tremors creep,
 When bairns gie their first earthly cheep,

Come wrong or right,
 Fast fill your pipe, and blaw the smeeck
 Wi' a' your might.

Although your heart be at your mouth ;
 Ambitious dreams frae early youth,
 Dashed frae your very lips forsooth,

Midst granes and sighs ;
 While tears fa' fast wi' chokin' sough
 Frae baith your eyes.

Tak my advice, ne'er taste the bicker,
 'Twill only bring your downfa' quicker ;
 May ill befa' the cursed liquor ;

'Tween you and me,
 It aft has tint me o' my supper,
 And last bawbee

Gif I had only held to smokin'
 At mony a dance and merry yokin',
 Next morn I needna hae been chokin'

To weet my whistle,
 But early at my wark been knockin',
 Wi' eident bustle.

King Jamie wrote anent the weed,
 He blasted it in thought and deed ;
 'Bout other things he had mair need

To watch and pray—
 The lasses feckly turned his head,
 I've e'en heard say.

It's just the way o' this vile race,
 'Gainst matters sma' they'll set their face ;
 Sma' sins bring blasts o' dire disgrace :

Hook in high places ;
 Oh ! then ye are the king, the ace,
 Ane o' the graces.

It aft has come across my noddle,
 Though ane should fitch a single bodle,
 Aff to the big house he maun toddle

For lack o'clink,
 Ye've miss'd the mark o' being a model,
 Your name shall stink.

Be a great man, do as you like,
 Though ye should rob the country's bike,
 Ye're then a clever scheming tyke,

Your name shall last :
 " Rax down the tinder box and strike
 I'll hae a blast."

Hech ! Raleigh man we greatly bless thee,
 I kenna weel how to address thee,
 Although Queen Bess did sair distress thee ;

I'm sure the weed
 Gae thee fell spunk, ere they could class thee
 Among the dead.

Ae thing I hate to see, bit bairns,
 I maist could blotter out their hairns,
 Wi' pipe in cheek, wi' e'en like starns,

They puff their best :
 As the auld cocks craw, the young anes learn
 To cock their crest.

When washing day comes round, ye than
 Gie a sly keek into the pan,
 The guid wife tells the sour guidman
 'Bout dirty claes :

Ye tak the dinner best ye can,
 Syne gae your ways.

Ye say nae mickle, but ye feel
 As angry as the very deil,
 In troth ye haena filled your creel,
 Your stamach's chapin',
 Ye tak a blast your pleased as weel,
 Wi' a toom crapin'.

When the guidwife is sulky sour,
 And threatens sair your crown to clour,
 Just fill your pipe wi' heedless glower,
 Sit down and smoke :

Your pipe will blaw it a' out ower
 To some kind joke.

At night should the bit bairnies yammer,
 For a bit piece or the night cham'er,
 Ye'll rise fu' gleg and round ye'll stammer,
 The pipe! ye've gat her ;
 Tobacco next, fu' gleg ye'll cram her
 Spite wind or water.

How grand! when e'enings shuts her e'e
 When ye hae gat your drap o' tea,
 A sweet wee bairn on ilka knee,
 Ye glower and smoke,
 Or wi' ae foot wi' cannie jee
 The cradle rock.

The mind is free frae cares and strife,
 Ye feel the essence o' this life,
 There sits your dautit winsome wife
 Nae cares to cark,
 Wi' needle, shears and ripping knife
 Mending your sark !

'Tis then the world may birl about,
 Ye carena for it a sheep cloot,
 On ilka care ye plant your foot
 Nae griefs molest;
 Ye let your pipe gae heedless out
 Syne gae to rest.

Written in severe illness.

Open once more the blessed book,
 Heaven's own unerring law,
 That I may hear its sacred truths
 Ere my last breath I draw.

It is the book I lov'd to read
 When life and hope were young;
 Full oft I've pray'd that God might hear
 The lisplings of my tongue.

It is the book my parents read,
 How many times have they
 Shed tears of gladness as they taught
 My infant lips to pray.

My life was once a heaven of hope,
 My parent's ceaseless care,
 Corroding sin stole o'er my heart
 And plung'd me in despair.

How awful now the thoughts arise,
 When death is drawing near,
 Dread and remorse thrills through my veins,
 As doubts on doubts appear.

Open once more the blessed book,
 God's own unerring law,
 That I may hear its sacred truths
 Ere my last breath I draw.

Mar's Monody.

When gloamin' steals the shades of night,
 To fan day's fervid glow,
 Aft have we met, Love's dreams to tell,
 Dreams lovers only know.

The whispering broom its shadow lent,
 The woodruffe fragrance sweet,
 The mavis sang our vesper hymn
 And light our hearts did beat.

Aft did we meet, fondly we hoped,
 Life's generous bliss to share,
 But thou hast gone from mortal ken
 And left me to despair.

Lonely, each favourite haunt I seek
 With aching feverish brain;
 False hope! at some sweet sheltered spot,
 To see thy face again.

Joy fled with thee! no winsome smile
 To chase my grief away,
 I dream of thy endearing charms,
 But sorrow comes with day.

Our cup was full, brimful of bliss,
 We thought its sweets to drain,
 One draught was all! the quivering cup
 Passed from our lips again.

Fain would I lave in Jaru's sheen
 This weary broken heart,
 And join thee Jeanie in that clime
 Where friends shall never part.

Ah me! a strange mysterious spell;
 A dense sepulchral pall
 Enshrouds my soul—death's curtains fall
 Life's pulse ebbs fast!—farewell!

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